

Norfolk. Thanks my good Lord Chamberlaine.
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King draws the Curtaine
and sits reading pensively.

Suff. How sad he lookes; sure he is much afflicted.

Kim. Who's there? Ha?

Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (seclus)

Kim. Who's there I say? How dare you thrust your
Into my private Meditations?

Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is businesse of Estate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleasure.

Kim. Ye are too bold:

Go too; He make ye know your times of businesse:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?

Enter Wolsey and Campeius with a Commission.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my Wolsey,
The quiet of my wounded Conscience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Most learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vse vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an howre
Of priuate conference.

Kim. We are busied goe.
Norff. This Priest ha's no pride in him?

Suff. Not to speake of:
I would not be so sicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Norff. If it doe, he venture one; haue at him.
Suff. I another.

Exit Norfolk and Suffolk.
Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a President of wisdom
About all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voyce of Christendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Must now confesse, if they haue any goodnesse,
The Tryall iust and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Christian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurse of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble selfe, hath sent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iust and learned Priest, Cardinall Campeius,
Whom once more, I present vnto your Highnesse.

Kim. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclau for their loues,
They haue sent me such a Man, I would haue wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserue all strangers loues,
You are so Noble: To your Highnesse hand
I tender my Commission; by whose vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of Torke, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Businesse. (ted)

Kim. Two equall men: The Queene shall be acquaint
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

Wol. I know your Maiesty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of lesse Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.

Kim. I, and the best she shall haue; and my fauour
To him that does best; God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call Gardiner to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whose hand ha's rais'd me.

Kim. Come hither Gardiner.

Walkes and whispers.

Cam. My Lord of Torke, was not one Doctor there
In this mans place before him?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man?

Wol. Yes surely.

Cam. Belceue me, there's an ill opinion spread then,
Euen of your selfe Lord Cardinall.

Wol. How? of me?

Cam. They will not sticke to say, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rise (he was so vertuous)

That he ran mad, and dide.

Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Christian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;

For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,

I will haue none so neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

Kim. Deliuier this with modesty to th' Queene.

The most conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For such receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:

There ye shall meete about this waighy businesse.
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd, O my Lord,

Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So sweet a Bedfellow? But Conscience, Conscience;

O 'tis a tender place, and I must leaue her. Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highnesse, hauing liu'd so long with her, and she
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courtes of the Sun enthroned,
Still growing in a Maiesty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thousand fold more bitter, then
'Tis sweet at first to acquire. After this Proesse,
To giue her the auant, it is a pittie
Would moue a Monster.

Old La. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell. Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance, panging
As soule and bodies seuering.

Old La. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a stranger now againe.

An. So much the more
Must pittie drop vpon her; verily
I sweare, 'tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a glistering griefe,
And weare a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
Is our best hauing.

Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and so would you
For all this spice of your Hypocrisie:

You haue had so faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Woman's heart, which euer yet
Affected Enuience, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to say sooth, are Blessings; and which gifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your soft Chiuerell Conscience, would receiue,

If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth.

Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queene?

Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heaven.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,

What thinke you of a Dutchesse? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?

An. No in truth.

Old L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,

For more then blushing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.

An. How you doe talke;
I sweare againe, I would not be a Queene,

For all the world:

Old L. In faith, for little England
You'd venture an emballing: I my selfe
Would for Carnaruanshire, although there long'd
No more to th' Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine. (know

L. Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to
The secret of your conference?

An. My good Lord,

Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Mistis Sorrowes we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle businesse, and becoming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.

An. Now I pray God, Amen.

Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly blessings
Follow such Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I speake sincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maiesty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpose honour to you no lesse flowing,
Then Marchionesse of Pembroke; to which Title,
A Thousand pound a yeare, Annuall support,
Out of his Grace, he addes.

An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I should tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Not my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wishes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wishes
Are all I can returne. Befeech your Lordship,
Vouchsafe to speake my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing Handmaid, to his Highnesse;
Whose health and Royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady;

I shall not faile t'approue the
The King hath of you. I haue
Beauty and Honour in her ar

That they haue caught the K

But from this Lady, may pro

To lighten all this Ile. I'le c

And say I spoke with you.

Exit

An. My honour'd Lord.

Old L. Why this it is:

I haue beene begging sixtee

(Am yet a Courtier begg

Come pat betwix too early

For any suit of pounds; and y

A very fresh Fish heere; fy

This compell'd fortune: ha

Before you open it.

An. This is strange to tr

Old L. How taste it? Is it

There was a Lady once (tis a

That would not be a Queene

For all the mud in Egypt; h

An. Come you are pleas

Old L. With your Thea

O're-mount the Larke: The

A thousand pounds a yeare,

No other obligation? by m

That promises mo thousand

Is longer then his fore-skirt

I know your backe will bea

Are you not stronger then y

An. Good Lady,

Make your selfe mirth with

And leaue me out on't. W

If this salute my blood a tot

To thinke what followes.

The Queene is comfortlesse

In our long absence: pray de

What heere y'haue heard to

Old L. What doe you th

Scena

Trumpets, Senn

Enter two Vergers, with sho

Scribes in the habite of Do

Canterbury alone; after h

Rochester, and S. Asaph;

distance, followes a Gentl

great Seale, and a Cardin

ring each a Silver Crosse:

headed, accompanied with

Silver Mace: Then two

Silver Pillers: After them

two Noblemen, with the S

place vnder the Cloib of

vnder him as Iudges. Th

stance from the King. T

each side the Court in man

the Scribes. The Lords sit

Attendants stand in comm